

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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One Halfpenny.

OUR YOUNGEST PRINCE.



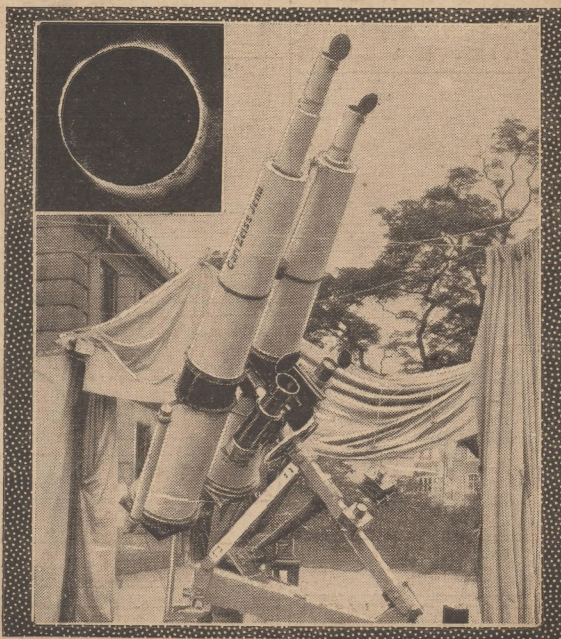
The Princess of Wales with her infant son, Prince John Charles Francis of Wales, who was born at York Cottage, Sandringham, on July 12 last.—(L. E. Sorrell, Crouch End.)

WAITING FOR TIDINGS OF PEACE.



The whole world is anxiously awaiting the result of the protracted peace negotiations between the delegates of Russia and Japan. The photograph shows a crowd outside the courthouse at Portsmouth watching the arrival of Baron Komura. The inset photograph is that of Professor Martens, the Russian international jurist.

TO PHOTOGRAPH THE ECLIPSE



Great double telescope to be used by the Hamburg expedition in obtaining photographs of next Wednesday's eclipse of the sun. A small photograph of the sun taken during a total eclipse is also reproduced.

PEACE STILL IN THE BALANCE.

Hopes Founded on the Adjournment of Conference.

M. WITTE'S ANGER.

Has To Take Motor Rides to Cool His Temper.

There are still hopes of peace. True, the chief sign of a possible settlement is only negative, viz., that the Conference which was to have settled matters on Saturday adjourned after a short sitting till this afternoon.

But this is taken as a hopeful augury. If Russia had been absolutely determined to break off all negotiations on the subject of an indemnity and the cession of Saghalien, why continue the discussion? Optimism would, of course, be misplaced, but since M. Witte evidently believes some time will still be spent in talk it is reasonable to hope that peace may finally be made.

HOPEFUL AND OTHERWISE.

Small Happenings Throwing Light on the Delicate Situation.

Yesterday's telegrams afford most contradictory indications of the state of affairs. They may be summarised as follows:—

HOPEFUL.

Saturday's conference adjourned till to-day. M. Sato says Japan's proposals have been framed in a conciliatory spirit.

M. Witte, after reading a dispatch from St. Petersburg, remarked with a pleased air that he "had succeeded in convincing St. Petersburg more than he expected."

M. Witte has requested Professor Maartens, the great Russian jurist, to postpone his departure. This is taken to indicate that there is a prospect of new and serious parleying.

The Tsar's reply to the Japanese proposals will at least be conciliatory in tone, and an opening will be left for further discussion.

NOT HOPEFUL.

The Tsar's instructions to the Russian plenipotentiaries are said to be positive. They must not cede Saghalien or pay any indemnity.

Professor Maartens declares that Russia will not yield on either of these questions.

M. Korostovetz, the official spokesman of M. Witte, says: "The thing is ended. If not declared off to-day (Saturday), it will be at Monday's meeting."

The tone of the Russian Press is all against an indemnity. The "Rus" says Russia has not yet fallen to the level of Byzantium that she should be forced to pay a ransom.

Russia has issued orders to mobilise a million men for service in Manchuria.

"COOLING OFF."

M. Witte Takes Long Motor-Car Rides To Keep His Temper in Order.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, Sunday.—M. Witte's nerves have suffered terribly from the protracted Conference. Day after day he has returned from his labours in a towering rage. Once or twice he seemed driven nearly mad with humiliation.

He would stalk up and down his room foaming at the mouth, and then suddenly rush out for a long motor-car ride. After breaking all speed limits for an hour or two, he would return, calm, and good-tempered. This is his safety-valve for preventing scenes when face to face with his diminutive opponents.

M. Witte's mail-bags are deluged with letters from cranks of all kinds.

One writer in a little Indiana town wrote as follows:—"If you did not come here prepared to pay Japan an indemnity and give her Saghalien, what did you come for? You knew you would have to do it." M. Witte laughed heartily when he got this cool note.

"STILL A WOMAN."

NEW YORK, Saturday.—M. Sato, in an interview upon the message which he sent to the "New York World" yesterday, says that the proposals of Japan have been framed in a conciliatory spirit. He would hesitate now to use the term "ultimatum" (which he used yesterday). The terms of his country, however, would not vary much from those already presented and known.—Central News.

PRESIDENT'S PLUCK. AN IMPERIAL

Mr. Roosevelt's Under-Ocean Trip in a Submarine.

PAST ACHIEVEMENTS.

To satisfy himself as to the workings of a submarine, President Roosevelt has taken a trip in the United States boat Plunger, under the water of Long Island Sound.

For three hours and a half the vessel dived out in the waves, while the President took the keenest interest in the internal workings of the boat.

Clad in the rough garb of a common seaman, Mr. Roosevelt himself pressed the button that sank the boat to a depth of forty feet.

During the manoeuvring the lights were turned out at intervals, and the boat was put through its paces in complete darkness, to the President's great delight.

It had been officially announced that Mr. Roosevelt would not descend in the Plunger, but his wife's fears having been dispelled, the trip was made late on Friday. At the official trial the President had already handled the levers of the Plunger.

Here are a few of President Roosevelt's accomplishments, which show the utter disregard of danger which characterises him.

He led the charge of his "Rough Riders" up San Juan Hill in the Spanish-American war.

He has hunted mountain lions, bears, and buffaloes in the Western States, killing four mountain lions with a hunting-knife, and as a cowboy he has broken wild broncos in in Dakota.

As a nurse in the fever-stricken camps in the Spanish war he has tended the wounded.

Not content with winning the boxing championship of Harvard College, Mr. Roosevelt has also practised wrestling, fencing, jiu-jitsu, and savate with professional athletes, and he has climbed the Matterhorn.

On one occasion he took the throttle of an engine travelling at sixty miles an hour, and he has spent the night in the most criminal districts of New York as Commissioner of Police.

CURATE AS JUDGE.

Novel Sunday Morning Life-Saving Competition in the Thames Near Windsor.

While the church bells were ringing for early morning service at Datchet, near Windsor, yesterday, the Rev. R. de M. Nixon, the curate, was acting as judge in a novel life-saving competition in the Thames.

A life-size figure of a man was sunk in mid-stream. The competitors had to "rescue" it and apply artificial respiration.

A villager named Douglas won the challenge cup presented by Dr. Osborn, J.P., of the St. John Ambulance Association.

SHOT BY A COUNT.

Guest of American Millionaire Accidentally Wounds a Scotch Boy "Driver."

An unfortunate shooting accident occurred the other day whilst a distinguished party of guests were grouse shooting on the Balmacraan Moors, of which Mr. Bradley Martin, the well-known American millionaire, is tenant.

Amongst the gunners was Count Kergorlay, who is a regular visitor to Balmacraan, and is one of the best and most cautious shots in the party.

Seeing some grouse flying towards him, he fired, but instead of the pellets striking one of the flock and hitting a son of one of the gamekeepers who was taking part in the drive.

The boy was struck in the legs, but it is expected that he will recover in a few days.

NATION'S ARMED MANHOOD.

How Lord Roberts Believes War Can Be Averted Altogether.

"An efficient Army is the best means of averting conflict," said Lord Roberts, after unveiling a memorial at Llandely on Saturday to the local men who fell in the South African war.

What he wanted to see was not merely an efficient Regular Army and Auxiliary Forces, but the whole manhood of the nation as a great potential reserve of force.

We should then be so powerful that no nation would think of going to war with us.

"OWER YOUNG TO MARRY."

Dr. J. J. Clarke, the medical officer of health for Walthamstow, advocates in his annual report, just circulated, the legal prevention of marriages of persons of immature years.

AN IMPERIAL FIREBRAND.

Morocco Defies France, and Grave Complications Are Feared.

The outlook in Morocco has assumed a serious complexion, and it seems as if the Sultan is determined, under the influence of Germany, to take up a defiant attitude towards France.

According to Reuter's correspondent at Fez, the Algerian subject whose release has been demanded by the French Government is still in prison, and the Maghzen has replied in writing to the representations of M. St. René Taillandier, the French Minister, declining the demands of France and repudiating French jurisdiction in the matter.

A private telegram from Toulon (says the Central News) states that the military authorities are preparing to mobilise the colonial regiments, and that the naval authorities have several warships in readiness to sail at a moment's notice for Morocco.

These measures have been taken following on Friday's Cabinet meeting in consequence of complications which, says the "Petit Journal," may arise at any moment.

The "Journal" is of opinion that if any measures are necessary, the fleet will first be called into use. The general impression is that the Moroccan Government are being influenced by the Kaiser, and that their hostile attitude is quite in accordance with his Majesty's advice and due to his encouragement.

£30,000 RECOVERED.

Absconding Bank Clerk To Be Brought Back on "His Own Yacht."

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—I understand that when the police arrested Galley, the French bank clerk who absconded from the Comptoir d'Escompte with a small fortune, they recovered nearly £30,000 of his booty.

Messrs. Palmer and Nicholson, of Gosport, the owners of the *Catrina*, on first he Galley escaped with his mistress, having given the fullest facilities to the French police, and having placed the yacht at their disposal for the remainder of the term of three months for which it was hired, it is proposed, if the extradition proceedings can be completed in time, and provided the yacht is still seaworthy, to bring back the prisoners on board the *Catrina*, sailing under the French flag.

ANCIENT DRUIDS.

Object to Public Mirth and Do Not See Why They Should Be Laughed At.

Some indignation has been aroused in Druidical circles by the fun poked at the participants in the recent ceremonial at Stonehenge.

"I don't see anything funny in asking a man to be temperate, philanthropic, and gentlemanly," said the Most Noble and Right Hon. G. A. Larnier, who led the mystical rites, to the *Daily Mirror*, "and that is, in effect, our teaching."

Among the members of Mr. Larnier's Lodge are Sir Thomas Dewar, Mr. C. T. Ritchie and his son, and the Mayor of Steyne. Of course, it was not the laudable objects of the Druids which evoked mirth, but their robes, false beards, and reaping-hooks.

"GREAT VICEROY."

Mr. Long Pays High Tribute to Lord Curzon, and Regrets His Retirement.

"No one regrets more than the Government the resignation of that great Viceroy, Lord Curzon," said Mr. Walter Long, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, at Bristol, on Saturday.

He asked his fellow countrymen to suspend their judgment and withhold their criticism until they were in possession of all the facts and had heard all that had to be said. Then he believed their verdict would be that although they regretted, as the Government regretted, the retirement of Lord Curzon from the position he so greatly adorned, it was due to no fault, no act of indiscretion or unfairness, on the part of his Majesty's advisers.

ACTRESS TO MARRY MAYOR.

Miss Maud Welman, of Bristol, professionally known as Catherine Pole, an actress who is very popular in South Africa, is engaged to marry at an early date, in England, George Gooch, Mayor of Johannesburg.

FIRECLAY FIND AT DOVER.

Immediately beneath the new 2ft. seam of coal discovered at Dover Colliery early last week a seam of fireclay was found on Saturday.

FLOODED VILLAGE.

Fishermen Row Their Hardest to Rescue Women and Children.

TORRENTS IN THE STREETS

Owing to a terrific downpour of rain, the heaviest that has descended upon the district within living memory, there was an extraordinary flood at Bray, Co. Dublin, early Saturday morning.

Streets were flooded to a depth of five feet, the electric lights in the street lamps failed, and in the darkness women and children had to be rescued from the houses in the fishermen's boats.

The extraordinary downpour commenced at midnight on Thursday, and lasted without cessation until a quarter to five on Saturday morning. During this time about four inches of rain fell, which represents about 400 tons of water on each acre of land.

The flood poured down from the hills along the course of the River Dargle, and as the swollen waters met the incoming tide the river burst its banks. The torrent rushed through the low-lying streets of Little Bray, which adjoins Dublin's watering-place, and quickly flooded scores of houses. The pressure burst the main which carries Dublin's water supply, and the flood rapidly rose higher and higher.

FISHERMEN TO THE RESCUE.

The alarm was given, and a great crowd of people collected on the higher ground in Bray. Some had fled from flooded houses, but from the low-lying streets cries for help came through the night from scores of helpless people.

The water had flooded the electric light works and the darkness made the work of rescue more difficult, but constables and civilians waded breast-deep into the streets and carried women and children from the windows of houses into safety.

Then a number of fishermen came to the rescue in their boats, and after a long struggle the crying children and helpless women were all brought to the higher ground.

The stipendiary magistrate, the town clerk, and other Bray officials aided in the work of rescue. The chairman of the urban council, who was assisting, was at one time in grave danger of being swept away by the torrent, but he was rescued by some boatmen.

But only one man, a labourer named Plunkett, was drowned. His body was found after the waters had subsided on Bray Golf Links.

A violent thunderstorm passed over Dover and the Channel yesterday, the lightning being extremely vivid.

FLOODS IN LONDON.

Owing to the heavy downpour of rain which accompanied yesterday's thunderstorm over London many streets and houses were flooded. The water in Brixton-road was in some places 2ft. deep.

WEDDINGS IN BLACK.

Eccentric Behaviour of Certain Russian "Parvenu Millionaires."

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MOSCOW, Sunday.—Six prominent citizens of Irkutsk are prosecuting the "Viestnik" newspaper for an extraordinary libel.

The "Viestnik," in a series of articles on "Siberia's Parvenu Millionaires," described the manner of living of the six prosecutors, and it claims that its criticisms were justified.

Of one of them it stated: "M. Ligurin lived so unhappily with his wife that he swore none of his sons should ever marry."

"Before his death, however, he made a will, sanctioning their marriage, provided the weddings were celebrated with the ritual of funerals."

The article went on to state that after the actual wedding-day was passed one of the couples abandoned themselves to an intemperate orgy.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The death was announced yesterday of Mr. James Yallop, the well-known Norwich canary breeder, who has won over two thousand prizes.

A well-known Armenian merchant, a contractor to the Imperial army, has been assassinated at Constantinople because he refused to contribute to the funds of the Armenian Committee.

Mr. Edwin S. Holmes, the ex-Assistant Statistician of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, has been indicted on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the Government in connection with the recent cotton scandal.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Variable or north-westerly breezes; showery, with thunder in places, to fair; rather cool. Lighting-up time, 7.55 p.m. Sea passages will be smooth to moderate.

LIFE TRAGEDY OF PHOEBE PENNIAL.

Sevenoaks Farm Mystery Search
at an End.

TOUCHING ROMANCE.

Pathetic, tragic, but, after all, very simple is the solution of the "Sevenoaks farm mystery."

Miss Phoebe Pennial, the Greenwich Bible woman, who left her home last March on the pretence of going as "mother's help" to the delicate wife of a farmer near Sevenoaks, and covered her retreat with fictitious addresses, now lies in her grave in Maidstone Cemetery.

She died on July 19 after giving birth to a child, whose father, said to be a rich gentleman of Greenwich, was, according to those who saw the quiet funeral, profoundly grieved at her death.

On Saturday the search for Miss Pennial, which had been proceeding for many days in the Sevenoaks district, came to an end at Maidstone.

It was discovered that a woman buried on July 23 under the name of "Phoebe Stanley" was the pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed Bible-reader and district visitor whose fate has aroused such widespread concern.

Her Secret Lover.

Romance had entered into her life. She had a sweetheart who is described as a "tall, gentlemanly-looking man with a ginger moustache."

She left Greenwich last March, as soon as it became inevitable that her romance could no longer remain hidden.

Phoebe Pennial never went into a situation at Sevenoaks. The "situation" was a device to prevent inquiry.

She stayed for a few days in that neighbourhood, and then went to Maidstone, where she lodged in the secluded thoroughfare of Albany-street.

From time to time a gentleman, said to be a "Mr. Stanley," visited her.

"I often saw her go out," said a neighbour, "but she never took notice of anyone. She would take a little walk and do a little shopping, bringing home her purchases in a basket which she carried on her arm."

"She was always dressed very simply in black. I wondered who she was, but never could get any information."

Miss Pennial was born on July 17; two days later the child was seen, and the mother passed away, unconscious.

Her parents were mysteriously communicated with by letters signed "E. Edwards," which appeared in the *Daily Mirror* on Saturday. The first stated that Phoebe was ill. The second announced her death.

Another letter to the wife of a friend of the family stated that the writer had married Phoebe against his father's wishes. It was signed "Phoebe's Husband."

The story of her parents' long search for Phoebe Pennial was told in Saturday's *Daily Mirror*.

Mourners' Touching Tribute.

There can be no doubt that the letters and the telegrams were sent by "Mr. Stanley," and that it was by the common consent of Phoebe and himself that no address was given. "I did not wish to drag Phoebe's name in the mire," says one of these letters.

And Phoebe's letters to her parents were also purposely misleading.

"At the funeral," said a neighbour, "there was a closed hearse and one mourning coach."

"Three beautiful wreaths were placed on the coffin. There were two mourners, one of the sisters with whom she lodged and a youngish-looking gentleman, who looked dreadfully cut up about it."

The unknown "Mr. Stanley" visited Phoebe's old lodging, and also called on the doctor who attended her. He then left Maidstone for London.

So Phoebe Pennial's romance is ended. Her child survives. Little "Phoebe," who will never know a mother's love, is living at Albany-street, Maidstone.

RECORD HOP CROP LIKELY.

"One of the grandest crops ever put on the market," predict Messrs. Le May in their annual review of the hop-gardens of England.

How fortunate this is may be judged from the fact that brewers' stocks are depleted almost to vanishing point, and otherwise a hop famine would have ensued.

The camp of over 300 boys belonging to the "Mile End Scattered Homes," which during the past month has, by the kindness of the Mayor of Stepney, been held at Herne Bay, has just dispersed, and the boys have returned to their homes in London.

ROYAL "HUSTLER."

Young Spanish King's Escapades Reproved by Ministers and Press.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MADRID, Sunday.—His latest motor-car accident has led to a discussion of Alfonso XIII's recklessness. Not only is he an ardent motorist, but he rejoices in driving and riding the most fiery of steeds, and at San Sebastian he will swim far out without an escorting boat.

Ministers and newspapers demand that King Alfonso shall cease to risk his life, and the journals relate how he once drove a racing Mercedes from Madrid to Toledo, beating the fastest express.

General Villaverde, who exercised some control over the King, is dead, and Alfonso simply laughs at the present Premier, whom once or twice he has taken for a motor-car ride, to the old gentleman's great fright.

When the Queen-mother expostulates Alfonso makes promises, but when the moment of temptation arrives, he forgets.

One old beggar-tramp once met on the road to Madrid a young fellow with a single companion driving a handsome motor-car.

Having ascertained that the tramp was going to Madrid, the young man invited him into the car, but drove at such a reckless rate that the old fellow begged over and over again to be set down.

Seeing the same young man in the capital the next day surrounded by a brilliant military escort, he inquired who he was, and being informed it was the King, remarked shortly, "I thought he had broken his neck."

"BACK THE CHANNEL"

Burgess's Fifth Gallant, but Unavailing,
Attempt To Swim to France.

Although Mr. T. W. Burgess, the Yorkshire amateur, has done his best to prove the falsity of the saying, "Back the Channel" still holds good.

As in his four previous attempts, he found in his fifth essay that the strength and variability of the currents were too much for him.

Only a man of great courage and endurance, however, could have done as he did on Saturday, for towards the end of his swim the wind and sea had become so rough that it was absolutely dangerous to remain in the water.

Starting at 6.11 a.m. from Lydden Spout, he made excellent progress, and so until he had been nine hours in the water and had swum and drifted over twenty-four miles was he compelled to give up.

MASTERS OF HEART.

Suggested Degree for the Possession of Fine
Sentiments.

Students applying for a degree ought, according to Professor F. J. Miller, of the Chicago University, to be tested as to their finer feelings and sentiments, as well as in their mutual qualities.

Professor Miller says he would ask the student the following questions before he gave him his B.A.:

"Will a lonely dog follow you?"
"Can you see as much beauty in washing dishes and mowing corn as in playing golf and the piano?"

"Do you see sunshine in a mud puddle?"
"Do you see anything in life besides money?"

ICELAND AT DRURY LANE.

Pictureque View of the Snowclad Island to
Adorn New Play.

Iceland is distant 450 miles from the nearest point in these islands, but lovers of Arctic scenery need not travel so far when the forthcoming Drury Lane drama, "The Prodigal Son," is produced.

As will be seen in the opening and closing tableaux, Iceland's landscapes are "wild, weird, and awe-inspiring"—glaciers, snowclad mountains, and plains from geysers on which steam, sulphur, and boiling mud ascend.

Beautiful in the extreme is the Lake of Thingvellir, on the shore of which part of the action of the play takes place. Ranning north from this are two perpendicular walls of rock forming the famous Almannagja, where the open-air Parliament of Iceland was formerly held.

STRUGGLE FOR DEATH.

Seen to jump into the Mersey, at Liverpool, James Simpson, of Broadway, New York, struggled violently in the water when a constable died after him.

When both were rescued in a very exhausted state, Simpson's throat was found to be cut, the wound apparently having been self-inflicted.

DANGEROUS NURSES.

Alarming Facts Brought to Light
by Royal Commission.

THIEVES IN UNIFORM.

Revelations calculated to make one pause before engaging an uncertified nurse are made in the Report of the Royal Commission on the Registration of Nurses.

There is on record the case of a nurse who frequently gave way to drink, and whose name was naturally taken off the hospital lists. She continued practising privately, and took charge of an old paralysed patient.

When intoxicated she "beat the patient with her fists and with a stick."

At a "highly respectable nursing home" the matron took in a patient "nearly insane," and who died.

At the inquest the matron admitted that she had never trained as a nurse, but she "had had a lot of experience."

A nurse who had been many years with leading families in Exeter, stole goods from over one hundred people, and her house was so stocked with stolen goods that a van and seven cabs were necessary to remove them.

Nurses Who Thieve.

One nurse was convicted for robbing forty children. Another for "frequently stealing articles of jewellery from dying patients."

At a nursing home at Kilburn, the proprietress took infants for £15, or more, and abandoned them, endangering their lives.

In an East Finchley home children were received for payments of £20 to £35. Murder was proved against the proprietress, who was hanged.

In nearly all these cases the nurses insisted on appearing in court in uniform.

In the words of one of the witnesses examined by the Commission, one great evil lies in the fact that a nurse who has been tipping and is discharged from the hospital is, however, quite at liberty to practise privately, and in so doing jeopardising the lives of patients.

CEREBRO-SPINAL FEVER.

Local Government Board Says the Strange
Disease Is Not Spreading in England.

Cerebro-spinal fever, that strange disease which has recently attracted so much attention, is the subject of a circular just issued by the Secretary of the Local Government Board.

Addressing the borough councils, town councils, and other sanitary authorities, the circular states that the prevalence of the disease in America and Central Europe has given rise to the question as to whether it has not been developing in this country.

The Local Government Board believes there is no ground for such apprehension, but it requests that in the case of discovery of illnesses which the authorities should immediately make special reports upon the cases.

STARVED THROUGH GRIEF.

Mourning for Her Dead Husband, a Woman
Resolutely Refused Food.

An extraordinary case of self-starvation was investigated by the Hackney coroner on Tuesday.

Three years ago Sarah Ann Taylor, who lived at Homerton, lost her husband. She was overwhelmed with grief.

She refused her food, and all efforts to persuade her to eat failed.

On the 16th inst. she was removed to the infirmary, where she died on Tuesday.

Dr. J. W. Oliver, assistant medical officer, stated the woman was admitted as a person of unsound mind and was certified as a lunatic after having been seen by a magistrate. She refused to eat, and when an attempt was made to feed her she struggled violently.

She had to be fed artificially, but gradually sank and died from exhaustion, consequent on her refusal of food, and heart disease.

FOUND IN A QUARRY.

Found lying on the ground at Shearburn Quarry, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, John Thompson, a labourer, said that some one had shot him from behind; afterwards he stated that he had been pushed over the edge of the quarry.

Taken to hospital he died. At the inquest on Saturday it was stated that there were no marks on his body, death being due to internal injuries.

BABIES STUNG BY WASPS.

Wasps are proving a great pest at Colyton, Devon. A number of infants have been stung while sleeping in their cradles.

DOG AS OUT-PATIENT.

Wounded Terrier Limps to London
Hospital for Daily Treatment.

"Dolly," the Coliseum monkey, who was recently an out-patient at the Charing Cross Hospital, has now a rival at the London Hospital in "Spot," a small white and black fox-terrier.

With his many bandages "Spot" is a most pathetic little figure.

A few days ago the hall porter of the hospital noticed a dirty and very dismal little cur slowly and painfully limping up the drive, cruelly pursued by a little boy.

The porter took pity on the animal, and finding a bad cut on the foot of one of his hind legs received "Spot" as a "casual."

"Spot" was taken to the receiving-room, and the clerk having entered him on the books, passed him on to the receiving doctor, who bathed and bandaged him.

Next morning at the same hour the dog reappeared, and again was treated.

On the next two days "Spot" arrived punctually at 11.15 for the same treatment.

Now he has found a good friend in the assistant engineer, who has given him a comfortable home. Every morning after an early breakfast, "Spot" takes a slow and halting stroll in the hospital gardens.

At 11.15 sharp, without any telling, he limps off to the receiving-room to have his leg bandaged. He displays great fortitude under this ordeal, and gratefully licks the hand of the nurse who attends him.

"Spot" has become a favourite among the other patients, among whom he has made many friends.

KINDLY RUSSIAN OFFICERS.

English Prisoner of War Returns to London
After Fourteen Months' Detention.

Chief Engineer Kerr, of the Sado Maru, was captured with his brother officers in June, 1904, and has just arrived in London after fourteen months' weary detention in Siberia and Russia.

"The officers of the ill-fated *Rurik* (on which vessel we were conveyed to Vladivostok after our capture) were perfect gentlemen," said Mr. Kerr to the *Daily Mirror*.

"The men were well disciplined, and the accounts which have been published with regard to the intemperance of the officers and the cowardice of the men are all untrue."

"From Vladivostok we went to Harbin, and from there by rail to Tomsk, where we were detained forty-six days. We were eventually transferred to Medved, a military depot eighty miles south of St. Petersburg."

PIGMIES LEAVE LONDON.

Making a Tour of the Provinces Before They
Return to the African Forests.

With tears in their small, beady eyes, the pigmies took an affectionate farewell of all their friends at the Hippodrome on Saturday night.

They left that building to prepare to go to Scarborough, where they will live in a special marquee pitched on the sands this week.

It was with difficulty that Mamka, the veteran word-leader of twenty-three summers, could be persuaded to believe that he might never again behold the face of their "great white king," as the little people have styled Mr. Fred. Trussell, the manager of the Hippodrome.

As long as the weather is mild the pigmies will tour in the provinces. After that they will go to Liverpool, whence they will return to their native haunts in the Iru Forest, Central Africa.

FRIEND IN NEED.

Broken-Down Clerk's Pathetic Excuse for
Thefts from Landlady.

"What's a poor devil to do when he is down on his luck?"

Such was the exclamation of Herbert Farman, thirty-five, a well-connected accountant's clerk, of Lady Margaret-road, Kenilworth Town, when arrested on a charge of stealing a pair of opera-glasses, value 10s., the property of Margaret Woodcock.

Appearing at North London on Saturday, Farman was said to have once occupied a good position in the City, but that he had recently got his living by obtaining board and lodgings on credit and then disappearing with anything he could lay his hands on.

On a gentleman coming forward and volunteering to pay the amount due from the prisoner and to restore the glasses, Farman was bound over.

For information as to the whereabouts of Dorothy Ethel and Agnes Beatrice Willatts, aged eight and six, who are missing, and believed to be in London, a reward is offered. Their father lives at 223, High-street, Rochester.

UNBURIED FOR TEN DAYS.

"Red Tape" of Authorities Leads
to a Cruel Scandal.

TRIALS OF THE POOR.

Pitiless are the ways of Poor-law officials.

But for the intervention of a Southwark vicar a woman's body would have lain unburied for a fortnight in the one-room tenement in which she, her husband, and her two children had lived. More than that, the children, deserted by their father, would have starved.

When you are poor it is a positive danger to live on the border of two parishes. If you are alive, you may become half-starved while the officials of two districts quarrel about the responsibility of feeding you. If you are dead, a quarrel as to who shall pay for your burial may keep you unburied for weeks.

Mrs. —'s crime was that Maria-street, in which she and her family occupied a single room, was divided by the border-line of Bermondsey and Southwark.

Woman Breadwinner.

Her husband was out of work, and so four months had to be fed by the scanty earnings of the mother's needle.

It was a wretched room in which they lived. The two beds were scarcely covered, all the chairs were broken, and the only article of furniture worth half-a-crown was the old sewing-machine which maintained the family. The only ornament was a stuffed seal.

Mrs. —'s struggle came to an end at last, and she died last Thursday week. She has not yet been buried.

For four days the body remained in the one room, and for four nights the husband had to sleep in the same apartment as the body.

But for the charity of poor but kindly neighbours, the children, aged thirteen and nine, would have had to do the same. So decomposed had the corpse become that chloride of lime had to be strewn upon the floor.

Then the sanitary officer for Bermondsey ordered the body's removal. By mistake it was taken to the Southwark mortuary.

Triumph of Red Tape.

The Bermondsey officials, asked to arrange the burial, said they could do nothing, for the body was not in their district.

The Southwark officials, when applied to, said the woman had not died in the district which they controlled.

The matter was taken before the Tower Bridge magistrate on Saturday by the Rev. Henry Pitt, the vicar of St. Mary's, Southwark, who asked Mr. Rose to intervene, and wanted to know what was to become of the children.

"Although the father has disappeared with the insurance money, and the children are therefore destitute," said the P.D. officers, "they have refused to admit them to the workhouse until next Thursday. Meanwhile they have no home."

"The delayed burial is a perfect scandal," said the magistrate. "With regard to the children, I can send them to a home, but only if they are found wandering in the street. I will grant you a sovereign from the poor-box for their support."

Mr. Pitt took the money gratefully, but, being a guardian, and therefore knowing the ways of Poor-law officials, he pointed out that if they knew the children had been given a sovereign they might refuse to relieve them on the ground that they were not destitute.

Strange Deadlock.

Later on in the day the Local Government Board were communicated with, but they refused to move in the matter. It was only after great trouble had been taken that the Southwark officials promised to bury the body to-day and to find shelter for the children.

"It is not an unusual case," said a South London mission worker to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday. "Thanks to the dilatory methods of the Poor-law officers, and the miles of red tape which they wind round their 'relief' the bodies of poor people frequently lie unburied for ten days."

"When, as often happens, a family live in a single room, four, five, or six people have sleep and eat in sight of the corpse for whole days together. Sometimes it is only covered by an overcoat or a dirty sheet."

"In one case I remember there was no place for a body in the room in which a family dwelt, so it was placed outside in the passage. For four days the twenty people who live in the house had to pass the corpse every time they went in or out of doors."

DERBYSHIRE LOVE TRAGEDY.

At the inquest on Saturday at Bamford, Derbyshire, on Frances Jones, who drowned herself in a mill dam after throwing vitriol in her lover's face, the jury returned a verdict of Suicide while temporarily insane.

ECLIPSE TOURISTS.

Americans in London Make Belated
Application for Tickets.

Hundreds of Americans applied to the numerous tourists' agents in London on Saturday to take part in the special trips to Spain and the Sunny South to view the total eclipse of the sun on Wednesday.

They were all disappointed. They had delayed their departure too long. Most of the applicants were unwilling residents in London owing to the inability of the steamship companies to provide enough accommodation on the liners going to New York.

A great many amateur scientists, as well as pleasure-seekers, visited the offices of Messrs. Cook and Son, about mid-day on Saturday, and found to their great regret that the parties had started the previous day.

At the other tourists' agents' and railway companies the *Daily Mirror* was informed that exactly the same thing had occurred to their clients.

Two big parties left on Friday to view the eclipse. One goes to Burgos, in Spain, and the other to Palma, in the Balearic Isles.

Another party left some time ago for Labrador, Canada, where the eclipse will probably be seen at its best.

IRISH GIRL'S ADVENTURE.

Alleged Savage Attack by a Herdsman on a
Pretty Colleen.

Details of a remarkable case of alleged attempted murder come from Kilkree, in Ireland, a girl of fifteen being the victim.

Sent on a message, Mary Doyle, the young girl in question, was met by a herdsman, named Gill, who, it is said, attacked her with a hammer.

After disabling her, he dragged her across some fields and threw her into a pond.

When she struggled to her feet he knocked her down again, it is alleged, and in order to keep her under water put his foot on her head.

On a search being made the girl was found in a precarious condition.

Gill was arrested after violent resistance, and on being brought before the magistrates was remanded.

LEFT TO HIS FATE.

Extraordinary Thoughtlessness of Two Young
Men Hurrying To Catch a Train.

Extraordinary thoughtlessness on the part of two young men of Chelmsford was brought to light at an inquest at that town on Saturday.

F. J. Lilley and E. T. Dixon saw the body of a man in the Recreation Ground lake as they were hurrying to catch the train, but did not attempt to pull it out, as they thought it must have been there for a long time.

According to the evidence, however, the man, Bryan Scutthorpe, a labourer, who was subject to fits, must have just fallen into the water, for on the widow going to the mortuary she found the body warm.

In returning a verdict of Accidental Death, the jury expressed the opinion that if the man had been pulled out there might have been a chance of saving his life.

PRISON BEFORE WORKHOUSE.

Destitute Man Goes to Gaol Because He
Would Not Become a Pauper.

"You must not allow your feelings to stand in the way of your family," remarked Mr. de Grey at the South-Western Police Court on Saturday.

He was speaking to John Povey, a working man, who was charged with neglecting his family.

Povey, it was stated, had drifted into a state of destitution owing to his failure to obtain employment, and while unable to provide his wife and children with the necessities of life he obstinately refused to enter the workhouse, though warned by the relieving officer of the probable serious consequences of his refusal.

Povey, in his defence, said he did not like the workhouse. "I have," he added, "walked the boots off my feet in search of employment."

Mr. de Grey: Yes, there is some excuse for you, but you did wrong in not going to the workhouse. You must go to prison for one month with hard labour.

GLAMOUR OF THE STAGE.

Stories of the balmy existence of the actress's life, her jewels, motor-car, and yacht still fascinate women.

"Within three weeks of the announcement of my comedy season," said Mr. Grossmith, interviewed by a contemporary, "I received no fewer than 600 letters, mostly from ladies who wanted to be at least 'walk on.'"

LOST ON THE HILLS.

A Bloodhound and 1,500 Miners
Search for a Missing Girl.

MOUNTAIN MYSTERY.

Excitement is at fever heat throughout South Wales in consequence of the mysterious disappearance on Thursday morning last of Mrs. Mary Davies, the pretty postmistress of the village of Quakers Yard.

Mrs. Davies, the wife of a collier, is thirty-six years old, and, in addition to her Government duties, manages a small general village shop. Two months ago she was confined, and since then her behaviour at times has been strange and somewhat wild.

On Wednesday the household, consisting of Hugh Davies, the husband, Mary Davies, her mother, and the child, went to bed as usual.

Since the birth of the child Mrs. Davies has slept with her mother, and about 2.30 on Thursday morning this lady awoke and found that her daughter was not in the room.

She roused the husband, and a thorough search of the premises and the adjoining ground was made, without result.

"She has gone to aunt's," said the husband, referring to a relative in the neighbouring village of Edwardsville. But nothing was known of Mrs. Davies at Edwardsville, and then it was discovered that the missing woman had taken a dark skirt, a blanket, and a pair of carpet-slippers with her.

Search Party Organised.

The village constable, P.C. Mendus, was informed, another officer from an adjoining village summoned, and with some friendly helpers a search party was organised.

Twenty yards from the missing woman's house runs the River Taff, and this was dragged. But nothing was found.

Just as daylight came a collier named William Morris, on his way home across the Forest Mountains near by, told how he had seen a strange, wild woman lying among the ferns on the mountain-side, near Pen-y-gwern Farm.

She was wearing, he said, a dark skirt with something white about her shoulders and a shawl over her head.

As he approached she half arose, and with a fierce gesture appeared to be about to spring at him. He was frightened and passed on quickly.

The search party went immediately to the spot, and found the impression of Mrs. Davies's body among the ferns, but although they scoured the heath around they could find no further trace of her.

All day long and throughout the night the fruitless search was continued.

Blasting the Pools.

By Friday the excitement had become so acute that all the workpeople, numbering 1,500, from the various local collieries set out upon the search.

A Mr. Stanton, of Aberdare, offered the use of a valuable bloodhound. Various articles of Mrs. Davies's clothing were placed before the animal, and, baying loudly, the hound set off on the trail. It was followed successfully to the spot upon Forest Mountain, but here the scent was lost.

As a last resource the river pools from the Gwern to the old mill at Treharis were blasted with mine explosives, but the crevices and rockbound pools did not contain the body. Late on Friday night one searcher returned with a handkerchief marked "M. D.," which he had found upon the mountain side.

The search was renewed on Saturday and yesterday, and two thousand scoured the black moors and hills of the Taff Vale, but up to last night no trace of the missing woman had been found.

It is surmised that she threw herself into the river and has been carried several miles down.

"WELL-DRESSED HOOLIGANS."

Alderman's Definition of Two Young Men
Who Got Into Disgrace.

Much to their surprise, Mr. Alderman Hanson, at the Guildhall on Saturday, told two smartly-dressed young fellows, named Elliott and Hines, that they were well-dressed hooligans.

Elliott described himself as an engineer of Clapton, and Hines as a clerk of Hackney.

They had treated their offensive behaviour to ladies and others in Old Broad-street as a huge joke, and thought it the acme of cleverness to say to the police doctor after they had been arrested: "Call yourself a doctor—why you are only a four-penny-halfpenny fitter."

They were fined 15s. each for being drunk and disorderly, besides having to pay the doctor's fee of 7s. 6d.

Eighteen passive resisters, including Mr. George Pitt, of Mitcham, a well-known member of the Society of Friends, and the Rev. Walter Mayer, of Wallington, were fined at Croydon on Saturday under the Education Act.

GAMBLER'S CONFESSION.

Distraught Husband Deplores That He
Rejected His Wife's Good Advice.

Dear Wife,—I daresay you have found out what a heartless scoundrel I am by this time. I shall give myself up some time to-day to the police.

I am about £20 short in my money, or Mr. Mieder's money I should say. I feel distracted. I don't know which move to make next.

Oh, if I had only taken your advice and been more ambitious, and put away a little money every week instead of gambling, how happy we should have been.

I deceived you yesterday when I told you I was going to the City. I went to Kempton Park to try and win some money to make the deficiency up, but instead I lost more. This is the climax of a gambling spirit. Oh, my poor wife, and Dolly and the boy!

Thus wrote Arthur Edwin Bush, of Bermondsey, in a pathetic letter to his wife.

Brought up at Tower Bridge on Saturday, he was remanded on bail with a view to compromising the matter by recouping his employer, who did not wish to press the charge.

"DIVINE ARBITRATION."

Applicant with Grievance Against Board of
Trade Suggests Strange Compromise.

Known chiefly as the man who smashed Board of Trade windows "to make a public grievance," an elderly applicant named Mullins called on Mr. Fenwick at Bow-street on Saturday with a pile of documents in support of "his case," which had reference to the withdrawal of his master mariner's certificate.

Mr. Fenwick advised him to consult a solicitor and take civil action.

"I have been considering the matter," said Mullins, "ever since I was here last. I have come to the conclusion that the only way of dealing with my case is by Divine arbitration."

Mr. Fenwick: That is an excellent idea.

Applicant: The inflexible taken I have committed to writing, and I am satisfied that this dispute between the Board of Trade and myself will be settled within forty days to the satisfaction of myself and all Christendom.

LIVED ON 2s. A WEEK.

Remarkable Instance of How the Poor Survive
Phenomenal Poverty.

Despite the fact that after paying rent she had only 2s. a week to live on, Dinah Hill, of Poplar, on whose body an inquest was held on Saturday, attained, at the age of eighty, the weight of 20st. The woman died of dropsy.

The Coroner (to her sister): Did she have sufficient food?—Witness: Yes, sir.

The Coroner: How did she live?—She had 6s. a week from the parish.

Did she pay rent?—Yes, 4s. a week.

That left her 2s. for herself. She couldn't live very luxuriously on that.

The medical evidence showed that death was due to cerebral hemorrhage, and that the body was well nourished.

The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence.

VICTIM OF IMPROVEMENT.

Strand Transformation Spells Ruin to One-
Legged Cab Attendant.

The enterprise of the L.C.C., which has led to such a radical change in the Strand, has meant ruin to Timothy Glyn, a one-legged cab attendant.

On Saturday morning he mounted the parapet on Waterloo Bridge and plunged into the Thames.

He was rescued by the river police, but de-claimed that he wanted to die.

He repeated this wish to Mr. Fenwick at Bow-street later in the day.

He was destitute, he pleaded. He was a cab attendant outside the Embankment entrance to the Savoy Hotel, but very few cabs had stood on the strand since the new entrance in the Strand had been made, and his earnings were adversely affected.

Glyn was remanded.

LAKELAND PRODIGY.

Once again the curious "floating island" of Derwentwater has made its reappearance (says the "County Gentleman"), this time after an interval of seven years.

This odd phenomenon is caused by the matted, peaty vegetation at the bottom of the lake being forced up by an accumulation of marsh gas till it appears above the surface in an islet a few yards wide.

MRS. LANGTRY AND THE CHILDREN.

Pretty Incident at the Second Sand-Castle Contest at Margate.

PICTURESQUE SCENE.

There was a pretty incident at Margate on Saturday, when Mrs. Langtry, looking very charming in billowy white muslin, distributed the prizes to the juvenile winners in the second *Daily Mirror* sand-castle building competition at that place.

A carriage had been sent to bring Mrs. Langtry from her hotel, but she quietly walked into the competition area punctually at four o'clock from the corner at which her arrival had appeared least likely, and laughingly said: "I have been watching from that window up there for a long time." To the 250 assembled competitors she said: "Dear children, I have been very pleased with the beautiful castles and other things you have erected, and if ever I come to live at Margate I hope you will build me a house as nice."

The awards were as follows:—

First prize (£2 2s.)—Frank Scott, 11, Seaview-terrace, Westbrook, Margate.
Second prize (£1 1s.)—Burnett Hurst, 45, Canterbury-road, Margate.
Third prize (10s.) divided between David Warwick, 14, Canterbury-road, Margate; Alice Richards, Brookley Lodge, Canterbury-road, Margate; Dorothy Stratford, 3, Love-lane, Margate; and Charles Brooks, Colver Cottage, The Grosvenor, Margate.

Extra prizes were awarded at Mrs. Langtry's request to Leonard Mortimer, Winchester Arms, Southwark, and Daisy Wren, Whitecliff, Runcorn-road, Westbrook, Margate.

THAT LOVELY LITTLE CHURCH.

The prizes announced having been awarded, Mrs. Langtry remarked: "What about that lovely little church with the grass all round it? I do think that ought to have a prize."

Immediately search was made for the builder of the church in question, but by this time the thousands of spectators had encroached upon the roped-off competition area, and the task of finding the little builder in the crowd seemed almost hopeless.

Mrs. Langtry had moved away, a cheering crowd following her, when a cry of "Found!" was taken up on all sides, and way was made for little Miss Daisy Wren, the clever little church-builder whose work the famous actress had so much admired. A special prize, provided by the *Daily Mirror*, was handed to her by Mrs. Langtry, with the words: "Your beautiful little church reminded me so much of one I used to know and love."

At this moment a cry of "Here's the boy who built the church," heralded the approach of a stalwart man bearing on his shoulder little Leonard Mortimer, the builder of a church which, however, was not the one Mrs. Langtry had meant. So crestfallen was the youngster at his disappointment that a special consolation prize was forthcoming for him too, and a specially bright smile from the lady accompanied it.

PRESENTED BY THE MAYORSS.

At Ramsgate, where the second competition took place simultaneously, the judges—the mayor and mayoress, Mr. Louis Wain, the well-known artist, and Councillor Moses, chairman of the sands committee—had a very hard task before them. Here, too, it was decided to give three extra prizes, so that Miss Dowling, the mayoress, had the pleasant task of handing awards to half a dozen very happy competitors.

The first and second prizes—converted into equal first prizes—were won by Gladys Mathew, 1, Queen-street, Ramsgate, and the Masters Jackson, Ramsgate.

To-day a castle-building contest will be held on the central beach at Morecambe, commencing at ten o'clock. The mayor, Councillor John Robert Birkett, heads the list of judges, and the mayoress will present the prizes.

Arrangements have also been completed for a contest at Llandudno on Wednesday.

SIXPENCES ON TOMBSTONES

Benefactress of City Widows Dies, but Her Charity May Be Continued.

Every year for centuries a quaint ceremony has been performed in the City church of St. Bartholomew the Great, when twenty-one poor widows of the parish have attended on Good Friday and picked up sixpences from a tombstone in the churchyard.

Having twelve years ago witnessed the ceremony, Mrs. Jarratt has since then remitted the necessary money yearly, as well as making provision for three bedridden widows unable to attend. Altho' never pledging herself to the donation, the money has been sent every year within twenty-four hours of the ceremony.

It is believed that Mrs. Jarratt has provided in her will for the continuance of her benefactions.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

London provision merchants have advanced the price of bacon 1d. a pound.

Only five inquests were held at Stepney last week. The average weekly number is twenty.

"Because trade is good just now" an undertaker has just sent the Bishop of London £5 for charitable purposes.

While cleaning a Gatling gun at the Coliseum on Saturday Henry Holly was shot through the left hand, some blank cartridges having been left in.

Sixpence was the reward paid on Saturday to a lad named Martin for returning a pocket-book containing over £40 in notes, which he picked up in the street, to a firm of solicitors in Westminster.

"You are discharged, and here is your discharge from the Army also," said the magistrate at Tottenham on Saturday to W. H. Sherbird, who was brought up on a charge of deserting from the Northumberland Fusiliers.

Cabdrivers will be scarce in London on Tuesday, September 5, when their annual excursion, in connection with the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, will take place to Bournemouth and the Isle of Wight. Three special trains will convey them.

So great was the rush of holiday-makers to Margate and Ramsgate by water on Saturday that the Royal Sovereign had to leave behind more than two hundred disappointed would-be passengers at Tilbury. The Clacton Belle eventually bore most of them to their destination.

Elgin Burghs nominations are fixed for next Friday, and the polling will take place on the following Friday.

During the last official year the County Council changed the names of 137 London streets, named 106 new streets, and renumbered 3,407 houses.

Speaking in Ireland, Mr. Walter Long said that "Unionists ought to remember a general election might come any time, in a month or a year."

Nearly all the employers of the Staffordshire and Worcestershire rivet and stud making trades have consented to grant an increase in wages equal to about 15 per cent.

Eagerly bought up by the West End hotels, a large consignment of giant cucumbers, some weighing over five pounds, was received in Covent Garden Market on Saturday.

Exeter was in general mourning for the funeral on Saturday of Mr. George Roberts Shorto, who, from being a private in the Army, had risen to be the foremost authority on English municipal law.

William Wilson, a little errand-boy, surprised the Marylebone Court on Saturday by refusing to be tried by the magistrate for stealing a shilling. He elected to be tried by Judge and jury at the sessions, and was therefore sent for trial.

The fever returns issued by the Metropolitan Asylums Board on Saturday showed that there remained under treatment in the various institutions under the control of the Board 3,524 patients—2,746 scarlet fever, 666 diphtheria, and 112 enteric.

FAMOUS JOCKEY AT HURST PARK.



D. Maher, the well-known jockey, at Hurst Park, where he scored another win on Saturday. He has the best percentage of successes of any professional jockey this season, having to his credit 72 firsts, 50 seconds, and 33 thirds out of a total of 276 mounts.

The London County Council will shortly be holding a competition for a limited number of scholarships to domestic servants between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five. These will enable the holders to pursue a course in household cookery extending over a period of twelve weeks.

In memory of the late Sergeant H. Hook, V.C., of the South Wales Borderers, who so distinguished himself at Kork's Drift against the Zulus, a tablet has been placed in Brecon Priory Church. For many years he was an attendant at the British Museum.

To-day the first batch of motor-cabs will ply for hire in the streets of the metropolis. Negotiations are in progress with the Home Office for altering the existing minimum fare to sixpence for a mile or less.

Depression in other branches of agriculture could only be counteracted by breeding the best stock, said the Marquis of Londonderry at the annual show of his tenants at Wynyard.

The Lord Mayor of Belfast, Sir Daniel Dixon, has accepted the invitation of the Conservative Association to become Unionist candidate at the forthcoming election at North Belfast.

Wives are so greatly in demand in Canada that the Salvation Army contemplates starting a bureau for the sending out of Englishwomen.

There arrived at West India Dock, Poplar, on Saturday, a Hindoo who has come from Bengal specially to see King Edward.

C. Lewes, the first-prize winner in section "C" in the Southampton chess tournament, is a Welsh miner from Blaenau.

In a garden at West Huntington Crossing, York, an apple-tree is in full blossom.

Bread has been reduced to 3½d. the 4lb. loaf in many parts of South London.

Electric trains yesterday commenced running on the Wimbledon branch of the District Railway.

Dispatched four years and nine months ago at the Strand Post Office, a letter arrived at its destination on Saturday in Clark's-fow, Brixton.

The window which is to be put up in memory of the late Dean Hole may be seen at Mr. Percy Bacon's studio, 11, Newman-street, London.

The Rev. T. C. Webster, brother of the Lord Chief Justice, has resigned the living of Rettenend, Essex, worth £480 yearly, owing to ill-health.

Water is very scarce in Bolton and Liverpool. Only sixty-seven days' supply are available in the reservoirs, and wasteful households are to be prosecuted.

Little Charlie Allen, of Winton, Yorks, owes his life to a large dog that rescued him from drowning on Saturday in the Bridgewater Canal, near Worsley, Lancs.

Mr. P. L. Miles, an American who gained a great reputation at Nottingham as an agriculturist, was buried at Ruddington on Saturday. He is said to have crossed the Atlantic on ninety-two occasions.

"Heartiest greetings; best wishes," was the message that Earl Grey cabled from Canada to the People's National Co-operative Exhibition which concluded at the Crystal Palace on Saturday.

Worried and greatly depressed because the house in John-street, Westminster, into which she had just moved had not been redecorated, Sarah Ann Pearce went to an outhouse and hanged herself from a beam.

Leaving the shore with a heavy load of passengers to see the Sheerness-Chatham Reserve Squadron, now anchored off Brighton, the yacht Skylark lurched heavily, very nearly capsizing, and those on board were soaked to the skin. All were rescued.

STRANDED CIRCUS.

American Company Encamped In France without Food or Money.

HUNGRY FREAKS.

Over 120 members of a great American circus company are now stranded and practically starving at Grenoble, in Southern France.

A few months ago "McFadden's Great International Show," a circus with 300 men and women, and elephants, horses, and other animals, commenced a tour through France. All went well until suddenly, without the slightest warning, president, treasurer, Press agent, and other members of the management disappeared, leaving the unhappy performers without making any provision for them.

The Official Receiver has taken charge of the belongings of the circus. All the horses have been sold for £2,000; the elephants only realised £500, and the remainder of the animals are practically in pledge at Vendome.

But no provision has been made for the people working in the circus. Some have managed to get away, apparently to America, the others are living, encamped by the riverside, at Grenoble, on bread and water.

The sword swallower is almost reduced to eating steel, the man who eats glass at the public performances is mournfully wishing he could exist upon such a cheap diet. Cossacks, an Indian snake-charmer, a bearded lady, and many more of the usual circus freaks are enduring semi-starvation together.

The American Consul in the city has organised a subscription on behalf of these unfortunate, but he is unable to give them any substantial official assistance. The people are now so hungry that they would kill and eat the animals, but these have all been sold, and as the French Government has a claim against the managers of the circus for duty which should have been paid when the company entered the country, the performers cannot recover any of the cash paid for the animals.

The French authorities will not allow the showmen to give a benefit performance—all they have offered them is a free ticket to the nearest port where the men may stand a chance of working a passage back to America.

STOCK EXCHANGE STAGNANT

Dealers Await Fresh News of the Progress of Peace Negotiations.

CAPTEL COURT, Saturday.—Stock markets have been uncertain and irregular. The arranging of the preliminary details of the carry-over occupied the Kaffir market, but in spite of the paucity of business, the tendency of this section was firmer. Other mining markets were quite featureless.

A rather heavy tendency was noticeable for Consols and other gilt-edged securities, Consols drooping to 99-10, but there seemed to be a little more support for a few of the Home Railway stocks, and the tone of the market was hard.

There was very little doing in the Foreign market, dealers preferring to wait for fresh news concerning the progress of the peace negotiations. The war bonds were rather offered, and there was practically no movement in other inter-bourse favourites. Copper descriptions were dull.

In the miscellaneous market Hudson's Bays rose rapidly on large Canadian and American buying, and Allsops were rather firmer.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CIRCULARS (F. N.): Pay no attention to them—SYNDICATE (M. H. B.): Do not have any dealings with them.

SOUND

Industrial Investment

An Annual Income of over 20 per cent. can be obtained on well-known sound Industrial Securities.

£50 will secure an Income of	£10 10 0
£51 " " "	£12 12 0
£57 " " "	£13 2 8
£25 " " "	£5 5 0
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BASILDON HOUSE, BANK,
LONDON, E.C.

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12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1310 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflector," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, AUGUST 28, 1905.

CLAPTRAP ABOUT WAR.

WHY is the world so anxious for the Peace Negotiators to come to an agreement? Why are all the newspapers in every country (except Russia) so loud in their declarations that the war *ought* to come to an end?

Partly, no doubt, because Russia is so hopelessly outclassed, and any further fighting can only result in needless slaughter. But chiefly because war is felt to be a nuisance to commerce, a disturber of traffic, a hindrance to that great business of money-making in which all the world is now engaged.

That is the real explanation of our modern enthusiasm for arbitration, Hague Tribunals, Peace Congresses, Lion-lying-down-with-the-lamb Prescripts from well-meaning Tsars, amiable orations in the "Oh, my brethren, let us love one another" vein from public men desirous of saying what is expected of them.

In the last-mentioned category must be placed the speech which Lord Roberts made on Saturday. He was unveiling a monument to men of Llanelli who fell in South Africa. Now, one would naturally expect a great soldier on such an occasion to dwell upon the nobility of the career which sends a man forth to defend his country's honour and to die, if need be, in her service.

Not so Lord Roberts. His theme was rather the inhumanity, the wickedness of war. He might have been a Quaker instead of a Field-Marshal.

He noticed in the address presented to him an expression of regret that civilisation had not found a means of averting armed conflict. That was a sentiment with which he was in full sympathy. Only those who know what war was could understand the horrors of it.

In point of fact, then (if we are to believe what he said), so far from being proud of his profession, Lord Roberts regards it as a horrible, uncivilised business, and would be glad to see an end put to it as quickly as possible.

Of course, we know in our hearts that Lord Roberts was merely saying what he thought he was expected to say, merely following the fashion of the hour. It may, however, be pointed out to him that talk like this is hardly calculated to advance the cause which he has at heart just now—universal military service, to wit.

His words are by no means calculated to arouse military ardour. If you want a man to take up arms in his country's cause, you will scarcely achieve your object by telling him: "War is full of horrors." It is out of keeping with civilisation. You will probably be hideously mangled, my poor fellow. I know all about it, and it is simply dreadful." That is not the way the Japanese are encouraged to dare and die in the trenches of Manchuria.

Lord Roberts's answer to this would very likely be what he said in this same speech, that "he looks upon an efficient army as the best means of averting conflict." That again is not exactly a stimulating argument in favour of universal service. It smacks of too lawyer-like a subtlety to convince the ordinary mind.

Furthermore, it reminds one strongly of the Irishman who said: "Sure, an' it's meself that calls street-fighting low and ungenteel, but I'll just take out me shillalah in case I should be needing it." So long as there are armies, we may be pretty sure there will be war found for them to do.

Let those who think war wicked, and believe it can be done away with in our time, agitate for the abolition of soldiers. But by those who still hold that it is "sweet and befits a man to die for his country," sentimental claptrap about war being deplorable and full of horrors should be studiously avoided, even though the money-making spirit makes it the fashionable claptrap of the day.

H. H. F.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The one enemy we have in this universe is stupidity, darkness of mind; of which darkness there are many sources, every sin a source, and probably self-conceit the chief source.—*Carlyle*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-DAY the Prince of Wales leaves Tulchan Lodge, where he has been staying for a pleasant week's shooting and fishing with Mr. Arthur Sassoon. Nearly every autumn now the Prince goes, for a few days at least, to Tulchan. The place is rented by Mr. Sassoon from the Dowager Lady Seafeld, and it is famous for its salmon-fishing. The Sassoons have been for many years great favourites with the Royal Family, and the late Mr. Reuben Sassoon, the brother of the Prince of Wales's host, was, as everybody will remember, one of King Edward's very intimate friends.

The story of the rise of the Sassoons to fortune is almost as romantic as the legend of Dick Whittington or one of the "Arabian Nights." They were originally bankers settled in Bagdad—that town with so pleasantly a suggestive name to lovers of the fantastic stories of the East—and their great possessions had exposed them to the envy of certain powerful people in the town. So David Sassoon, then the head of the family, gathered his riches, his household goods, and his family together and

Sir Herbert Williams-Wynn has only one son—who is just fourteen. This little boy had, some people may recollect, a terrible accident some six years ago. Like most children, he liked nothing in the world better than roaming about his father's farms and poking into all the odd corners of barns and outhouses. One day, while playing with one of the farm machines, he caught his hand under a wheel, and was only just saved from being dragged into the machinery. His hand was, I believe, horribly cut, and the shock to the poor child's nerves must have been terrible.

The most interesting of all to-day's birthdays is that of Count Tolstoy, Russia's "voice crying in the wilderness," who is seventy-seven years old. One is somewhat surprised to find that Count Tolstoy is not older than that. With his furrowed face, and snow-white hair, and patriarchal beard, he impresses those who see him now as some ancient of days who must have long ago forgotten the day of his distant birth. It cannot be said, unfortunately, that this born idealist has a serene old age before him. He has to watch his country being driven into an abyss by its rulers, and to feel himself only a half-tolerated subject within it.

"A KINGDOM DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF."



It is generally admitted that the bitter public controversy between the late Viceroy of India and Lord Kitchener must have produced the worst possible effect upon our subject races in the East, who see that their mighty rulers are, after all, subject to the failings of ordinary men.

fled away by night by the Persian Gulf to Bombay, where he settled as contentedly as though he had moved from one street to another.

Bombay or Bagdad—it was quite the same to this genius for making money. Wherever he went riches followed, and in the new city he soon became as famous for his wealth as he had been in the old. He must have been an interesting figure, with, of course, far more of the Oriental in him than his descendants of to-day. It is said, indeed, that he insisted upon his children wearing the ancient Jewish dress which they had used in Bagdad, and only when the Mutiny, with all its horrors, broke out in India did he consent to let them wear European clothes. "Let them see what side you are on," he remarked as he gave them leave to adopt the desolating black cloth and the top-hat which are the disgrace of Western manners.

The Dowager Lady Williams-Wynn, who has been very ill during the last few days, is the wife of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, who died in 1885, and who was the uncle of the present baronet, Sir Herbert Williams-Wynn. Sir Herbert is the owner of the fine Wynn's estates in North Wales. His is a very old family, supposed to be descended from a British chieftain—an "ancient Briton," as the schoolboys put it—who bore the glorious name of Cunedd or the Handful. The first baronet was Speaker of the House of Commons, and was fined £10,000 in that capacity for printing some Parliamentary evidence under Charles II.

Lord Justice Fitzgibbon, who also celebrates his birthday to-day (he is sixty-eight), is a very popular host, who arranges the most delightful house-parties at his place on the Hill of Howth, near Dublin. Every Christmas a party is given at Howth which generally includes some of the most interesting Englishmen of the time. Lord Justice Fitzgibbon was a great friend of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, and had a certain amount of influence over that erratic politician. He tried to prevent Lord Randolph, on one occasion, from making a very injudicious speech, and the latter seemed much moved by his arguments. Unfortunately, in the excitement of debate reason was forgotten, and Lord Randolph's speech was even more violent than had been at first intended.

The vacant post of Master of the Horse at the Viceroy's Court, which Lord Fingall has just been chosen to fill, is not a particularly remunerative one. The salary is only £200 a year; still, there have been many applications for it, and it was at one time thought that Mr. Gerald Ward, brother of the Lord-Lieutenant, would receive the post. That, in fact, was duly announced, only to be immediately cancelled a few days after. The present Lord Kenmare was the last Master, but he resigned on the death of his father in the early spring, and there has been nobody appointed until last week.

Lord Fingall is considered a very good judge of a horse, he is well-known in the hunting-field, and

is a very popular man. Both he and Lady Fingall are welcomed in Dublin, as well as in London, and Lady Fingall has long been associated with all society functions at the Irish Court. She is a pretty woman with fair, wavy hair, and will, of course, now be even closer still associated with society functions at the Castle.

Lady Garvagh, who is devoted to motor-cars of all kinds and every year makes long excursions of all the present time staying in Copenhagen, and with her son, Mr. Leopold Canning, will shortly proceed through Norway and Sweden. Lady Garvagh is a personal friend of all the Danish royal family, she herself being a Dane by birth, and last week she was invited to dine with the Crown Prince and Princess when the King was present.

Theatrical holidays are short, and already the autumn season is in full preparation. Amongst five or six others which are preparing to open during the coming fortnight is the Mermaid Repertory Theatre, which, directed as usual by Mr. Philip Comyns Carr, is to begin its season with a revival of Congreve's "Way of the World," which was so great a success last year. Miss Ethel Irving is to appear for one week in her original part of Millamant in this amusing comedy, and during the rest of the season plays by Maxine Gorkey, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Mr. Arthur Symonds, and Mr. Laurence Binyon will be produced, as well as some of the more classical successes of last year.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE FAILURE OF SCIENCE.

As a reader I was quite captivated with the Christian tone of "H. H. F." on the "Failure of Science" some days since.

When he spoke of the "science that has destroyed the faith in Christianity of countless souls" he did not mean that knowledge that placed in our midst pots and kettles, and garments wherewith to decorate our bodies and limbs, but that so-called science that would attempt to advance a theory which would give a different idea concerning the origin of mankind.

When science can number the years of eternity and measure the distance across the fields of illimitable space, then, and not before, will it be able to sweep aside the Creator's claim to originality in all things conceivable. As a Christian believer I thank "H. H. F." for his well-chosen remarks.

2, College-street, Islington. F. TAYLOR.

I cannot imagine how "P. E. S." has the audacity to write such nonsense. He says, "If it were not for Christianity, science would not stand as it does to-day."

Any history book will clearly show him that Christianity has done its utmost to prevent the progress of science.

If it had not been for Christianity science would certainly not be where it is to-day, but it would no doubt have got to its present stage ages ago.

J. A. P.

Strathey, N.B.

CHANGE IN HOSPITAL NURSES.

In a letter from "Formerly a Nurse" the panacea suggested for hospital expenses is that nurses should perform mental duties. Fortunately we live in an enlightened age.

Matrons now will have educated gentlemen on their staff, obviously because true refinement is an indisputable necessity in the sick-room.

In a cottage the one lady nurse will be the first to put her hand to the plough, where no servants are kept, but in our hospitals and homes let our nurse's accent be cultured, her hands smooth and soothing, not made rough by menial work, which is very suitably allotted to capable ward-maids.

Rugby. A TRAINED NURSE.

STANLEY DEVEREUX'S FUTURE.

As a regular reader of the *Daily Mirror* I was very surprised to see that Mrs. Gregory has charge of little Stanley Devereux, after her article on August 14. There must be many willing to adopt poor little Stanley, and Mrs. Gregory ought to see that it would be to his advantage to lose his identity, and, therefore, he would let him go in order to help him.

Any of our homes (Dr. Barnardo's or Mr. Fegan's) would admit the lad, if no individual offered to take him.

A. V. MURPHY.

[More than one offer to adopt the child has been made through the *Daily Mirror*.—Ed. D.M.]

IN MY GARDEN.

AUGUST 27.—Roses, because they are scarcer than in the wonderful June days, are a great joy now. Many town-dwellers would be surprised at the number of roses flowering in a country garden during late summer and autumn.

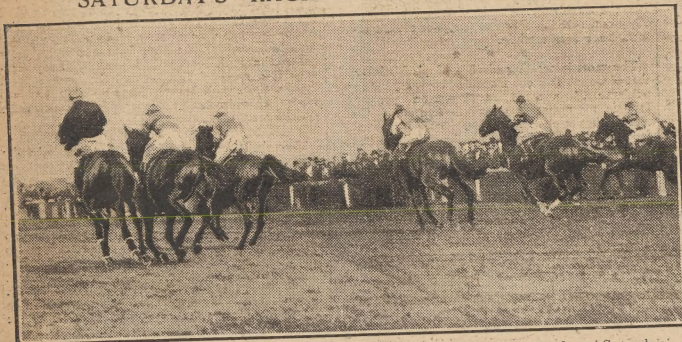
Delicate blue spikes of bloom again rise from the larkspurs—a very useful habit of theirs, since it prolongs their display far into October.

The radiant pure white flowers of the Japanese anemones to-day stand in a great mass above their dark green foliage. The dwarf late-flowering phlox is also a vision of snowy splendour.

E. F. T.

News by PHOTOGRAPHS

SATURDAY'S RACING AT HURST PARK.



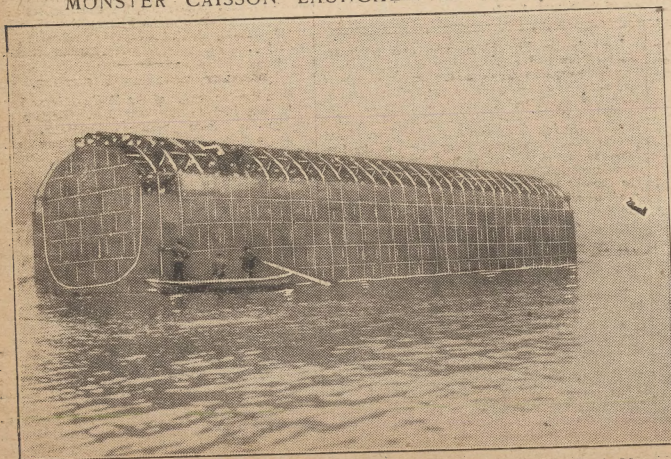
Snapshot showing the start of the race for the Lennox Plate at Hurst Park on Saturday. The winner was Sir J. Miller's Amitie, Lord Dalmeny's Ritchie being second, and Major E. Loder's Adula third.

HEROES OF THE ESSEX v. YORKSHIRE MATCH.



E. Smith (on the left) helped considerably in saving the game for Yorkshire on the last day of the match. Although he did not score a single run, he kept his wicket up for an hour when time was all-important. Hirst (in the centre) contributed more actively by an invaluable innings of 90 runs. On the right is a portrait of Douglas, the Essex bowler, who performed the remarkable feat of taking five of the best Yorkshire wickets in delivering eight balls.

MONSTER CAISSON LAUNCHED ON THE SEINE.



The first of the enormous caissons to be used in constructing a tunnel for the Paris Metropolitan Railway beneath the bed of the Seine has just been launched. The photograph was taken immediately after it had been successfully floated.

"Daily Mirror" Castle-Building Ca



Building the city of sand-castles in Saturday's *Daily Mirror* contest at Ramsgate. The went to work. Inserted in the right-hand lower corner of the photograph is a small sn and on the left is a small portrait taken on the sa

THE 1905-6 FOOTBALL SEASON: C



The Queen's Park Rangers snapshotted while playing in their practice match on Sat open

Carnivals at Margate and Ramsgate.



displayed by many of the little builders was as remarkable as the energy with which they of the mayoress, Miss Dowling, presenting the first prize in the Ramsgate competition, Mrs. Langtry, who presented the prizes at Margate.

EN'S PARK RANGERS AT PRACTICE.



It was their last big practice before the commencement of the football season, which lay next.

CAMERAGRAPHS

SICK DOG'S INTELLIGENCE.



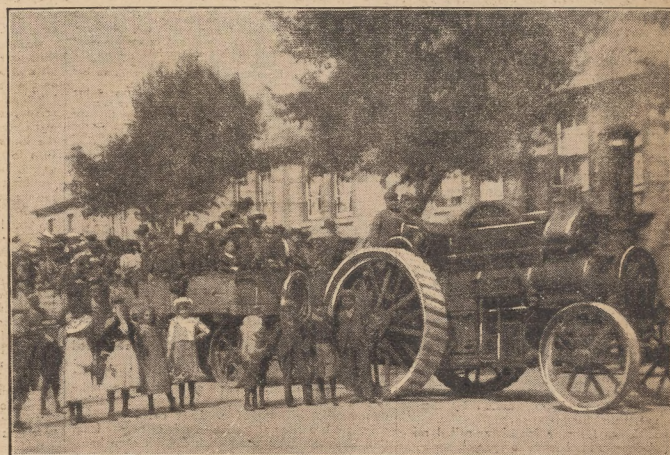
Suffering from a wound in the leg, the dog photographed went to the London Hospital, where his hurt was attended to, entirely of his own accord.

MR. YERKES BETTER.



Mr. C. T. Yerkes, the well-known promoter of tube railways, who has been seriously ill, left London for Paris on Saturday.

DOVER HOP-PICKERS LEAVE FOR THE FIELDS.



Party of pickers leaving Dover for the hop-fields in a traction-engine train. They stay near the fields until the picking is over and are then conveyed back to Dover in the same manner. Our photograph was taken in Buckland-avenue, Dover.

DERWENTWATER'S REMARKABLE FLOATING ISLAND.



About once in seven years the floating island makes an appearance on the surface of the lake, and, after remaining there for a week or two, sinks to the bottom again. The island is now on the surface, and has attracted a considerable amount of attention. It is supposed to be caused by an accumulation of gas in a mass of vegetable matter collected by the currents in one place on the bed of the lake.

WIVES A HELP OR A HINDRANCE?

Long Engagements Again Recommended as a Precaution.

WOMEN SUFFER MOST.

Here is a further selection from the piles of letters we still receive on this subject:—

GROW OLDER AND WISER.

Married life is what the people concerned make it. Practically all the unhappy marriages that have come under my observation have been where the engagement has been short, and the boy and girl have married while the first glamour was upon them, and, when too late, have found their tastes and desires entirely opposed.

Most of us know what I mean by the first glamour, the ecstasy which over-rides all other desires. During that mood we sacrifice, mutually, anything—everything that is objectionable to the person we love. This state all who are contemplating matrimony should allow to pass before thinking of taking the final step.

The long courtship has, in my opinion, only one drawback—the remarks of busybody friends, who ask, "when will the man and woman get tired of one another." That is a question which only time will answer, and it is in any case much better to tire of each other before than after marriage.

Another fruitful cause of unhappiness is the girl who, though she has object lessons all round her, still thinks that married life is a state of perpetual bliss and idleness, with no responsibilities, no dress and no work. These are evidently what your correspondent, "A Happy Bachelor," has seen. But if I am to judge from his letter, he is too young to form any real idea of marriage, and, perhaps, when he grows older will acquire more judicious notions about it.

HAPPY AND MARRIED.

South-road, Sheffield.

PATIENCE UNDER MISFORTUNE.

A virtuous and sensible wife cannot naturally be a hindrance to her husband's success in life, but he may make her one by his selfish and inconsiderate treatment.

For instance, if to her other domestic cares there be added that of a young family to attend to and provide for upon, perhaps, scanty means, a strain is imposed upon her that few women can bear.

But the good wife will cheerfully undertake this for the love of her husband and children so long as she is able. Should her health break down, however, as is too often the case, a crisis arises from which the family may never recover.

The home is neglected and ceases to be attractive to the husband, who, distracted by family anxieties, is unfitted for his work.

Then he blames his wife for his so-called misfortune and expects his friends to sympathize with and assist him.

UXOR.

THE WORLD HARD UPON WOMEN.

It seems to me that the worst of married unhappiness (and this is a point which none of your readers seem to have insisted upon) is always suffered by the woman.

However ill at ease a man may be he can always get away and forget his trouble for a moment—at a club, or in his work. He is more independent, and has more resources of the kind I mean, than a woman.

What can a woman do? She can only sit at home and pine, and fret over her vanishing youth. And if, weary of it all, she seeks for a separation from her husband, you may be sure that the sympathy of the world will be with him rather than with her—whatever may have been the circumstances of the case in question.

AN UNHAPPY WIFE.

THE PROVERBIAL MOTHER-IN-LAW.

The correspondence in your esteemed journal about happiness and unhappiness in married life is very interesting. I believe in most cases unhappiness is brought about by mother-in-law. I should much like to see a club started in London for gentlemen suffering from too much mother-in-law. I am sure it would be a great success, especially if there were a weekly house dinner at which the only toast should be one relating to this curse of married men.

VICTIM.

GOOD DAUGHTERS MAKE GOOD WIVES.

Find a girl who is a real help to her mother and esteemed in her own home, and you have found a good, loving wife. That seems to me to be the only possible way for a man to guide himself in the matter of marriage. And if, after marrying a girl who has been an irreproachable sister or daughter he finds her a "hindrance" as a wife, the fault must certainly be his, and he ought to be about to mend it.

W. H. H.

ALL THAT A MAN WANTS.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

FOR NEW READERS.

What the Previous Chapters Contained.

In the manufacturing town of Stoke Magna in the East of the Midlands, Sabra Vallance, a beautiful young girl, lived with her uncle, Canon Vallance. Though her Aunt Ursula tried to persuade her to enter a Sisterhood, Sabra, with the aid of young Dick Dangleville, who was in her ears, found the sacrifice too great and gave her heart to Dick Dangleville.

Though the son and heir of a peer, he was practically penniless, she knew. But what cared Sabra Vallance, whose whole being was wrapped around the "little young dream?"

Lord Blanquet de Balliol, Dick Dangleville's father, had lost all his splendid inheritance by a series of almost unparalleled family reverses, which culminated two years ago in the sale of Balliol Castle, one of the finest estates in England.

Lancelot Swindover, who had bought Balliol Castle from Lord Blanquet, was a crafty, vulgar financier, fabulously rich.

But not all Samuel Swindover's great possessions, not all the illimitable power that he had gained through his gold, could compel Lord Blanquet de Balliol and his son, beggared and living almost at the castle gates on the last remaining corner of their once splendid inheritance, to look at him, to speak to him, or to touch his hand.

But Swindover had Lord Blanquet, who had been using money on his menage during his absence, in his power. The peer did not know that it was in reality Swindover who held the mortgages and bills that could be used to ruin him.

Swindover was just about to foreclose and ruin him, when Lord Blanquet arrived at the castle and sought the interview with the financier.

Swindover thought that at last the ice was broken and Lord Blanquet had come on a friendly visit. But it was to arrange a loan that the peer had called. He wanted ten thousand pounds, or he would be bankrupt. Then Swindover showed Lord Blanquet that he held him in his power, absolutely refused to arrange any loan, and threatened to ruin him. But Swindover made a proposal. He would make Lord Blanquet a rich man and give him his son, and Swindover would arrange a marriage between his son and Swindover's daughter, Fay.

Lord Blanquet scorned the idea. Swindover's next step was to call upon Sabra Vallance. He held her of the proposition he had made to Lord Blanquet, and asked her to give up Dick Dangleville. He showed her that by doing so he could restore Lord Blanquet and his son their former wealth and splendour. Lord Blanquet resolved to sacrifice his love, and so wrote a letter to Dick, saying she could not marry him. Then she came to her aunt, the Countess of Vallance, Superior of the Abbey of St. Ursula, and begged for work in her settlement amongst the poor of Stoke Magna.

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"My name is Dangleville," he said.

"I thought so," replied Fay; "but, of course, I could not be quite sure."

They looked at each other. Immediately there sprang up an armed neutrality. Out of each pair of young eyes glanced unmistakable hostility.

"As we have introduced ourselves," the girl remarked lightly, "shall we not walk on?"

Dick fell into step beside her. He still felt as if he were in a dream, as if every moment he must find no tall, straight, lithe creature beside him. Was he mad, or did Fate really create such tricks? Could this be Swindover's daughter? This girl, and not the fat and impossible little vulgarian he had expected? This girl, with her cold, strange face, her inimitable air of cynicism and knowledge, her exquisite, faint voice? This girl, who walked beside him with a slow and deliberate gait, that had a mysterious charm, like a languid queen, with a page always behind her, holding up an invisible train.

Never in all his life had Dick felt so stupid, so tongue-tied. Fay made a few indifferent remarks, but, on the whole, it was a silent walk, Dick instinctively leading the girl by a short-cut round through the flower gardens, to the south side of the castle, where the great quadrangle was, and the famous row of enormously ancient yew trees, cut to resemble gigantic Grenadiers.

As they came within sight of the castle, they saw Swindover step out of the window of the morning-room. From afar, even the ostentatious vulgarity of his clothing struck one like a blow; his enormous watch-chain glittered in the sun. He saw the two approaching figures immediately, and, roaring out a welcome, hurried towards them, looking more uncouth than ever amid the stately surroundings in the calm golden light of that beautiful autumnal morn. And, instinctively, Dick drew a little further away from the girl by whose side he walked, who was, after all, this man's daughter.

When he came up to them, flushed and panting, Swindover seized the young man's hand in one of his and with the other gave him a resounding slap on the shoulder.

"Glad to see you, my boy," he cried, his fat voice swelling with triumph. "So you've met the girl already. Sly puss, to go out for a walk when she knew you were coming. It gave me quite a turn to see you strolling up together, just like a pair of lovers who'd been courting for years. Made me think of my own courting days." But there he cleared his throat and sniffed loudly, as if the memory affected him deeply. Then he went on in his usual tones, but transformed by a triumphant geniality that made them more intolerably irritating than ever: "Fay, this is the young man who's going to make you 'my lady,' and my dear young friend and future son-in-law, Dick, here's the girl who's going to give you back your castle. And between you both you'll make the old world turn round a bit faster—eh, what?"

Fay's face was a study in delicate disdain. Dick's voice fell like ice on the millionaire's glowing and ecstatic mood.

"I wish to have a few moments' private conversation with you, Mr. Swindover," he said.

Swindover roared with ponderous mirth.

"After you've been leaving me a few moments' private talk with my girl—eh, what?" he cried.

"Miss Swindover and I met by accident," replied Dick, with furious coldness. "We have not yet mentioned the subject about which I wish to speak to you."

"What? Not talked it over?" cried the millionaire, with a portentous wink. "When you're done and in such style as it was never done before? It's time you did talk it over, then. Going to be man and wife and never mentioned it to each other? Ha! ha! ha! Perhaps you're waiting to be properly introduced. Don't know each other yet—eh, what? Well, Miss Fay Swindover, may I present to you the Honorable Richard Dangleville, your future husband. Mr. R. D.—, too long a name to say over again, you know—allow me to have the honour of introducing to you Miss Fay Swindover, your charming bride. Ain't she a treat, though—eh, Dick, my boy?"

Then he roared with laughter again, holding his great sides as he belaboured out his mirth.

"Well, I'm going to leave you two youngsters for a bit," he went on, when he had recovered his breath. "I've got some work to do with Courcy. You'd better have it out, and we can have a talk later on, my dear young friend and future son-in-law. So we'll have you get the date fixed, and all that, and we'll have a nice little family dinner party to celebrate the happy event as soon as his lordship is well enough."

He shuffled away, still making the air resound with his unmelodious mirth.

Dick and the girl looked at each other.

"So we have agreed to marry each other," said Fay, without the slightest trace of emotion, as if she were discussing a picnic or a motor-ride. "My father informed me last night that you had consented. He spoke as if you had capitulated after a long siege. I am sorry for you, Mr. Dangleville. Though my father might have put it more delicately, I think he was right. We ought to 'have it out.' We are in a rather unusual position, aren't we?"

Dick simply bowed his head. The girl had a paralysing effect on him. Of course, he could not be otherwise than relieved at finding her as she was instead of as he had imagined her to be.

(Continued on page 13.)



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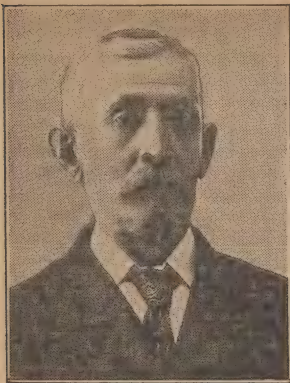
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KANDAHAR VETERAN.



Thomas Coates, the Kandahar veteran, in whose case Lord Roberts is interesting himself. He is an inmate of the Darlington Workhouse, and was presented to Lord Roberts when the popular Field-Marshal paid a visit to the town.

RUSSIA'S BRITISH PRISONERS RELEASED.



Four British officers captured by the Vladivostok squadron on the Japanese transport Sado Maru. They have just arrived in England, after fourteen months' imprisonment. Nine months of the time was spent at Medwed, eighty miles from St. Petersburg, where the photograph was taken. Their names in order from left to right are First-engineer Carmichael, Captain Anderson, Chief-engineer William Kerr, and Chief Officer Dring.

WORKING FOR THE POOR OF WEST HAM.



Rev. B. W. Pullinger, senior curate of St. Gabriel's Church, Canning Town, and some of his boys. Mr. Pullinger is one of the most energetic workers on behalf of the poor of West Ham. He states that the distress is already as great as he has ever known, and says it will be terrible in the winter.

LOVE TRAGEDY.



Miss Frances Jones, the Welsh girl who committed suicide at Bamford, in Derbyshire, after throwing a cupful of vitriol over the man she considered to have jilted her.

PREVENTION OR CURE—WHICH?

Almost every reader of this article has either a friend, relative, or acquaintance suffering from gout, gravel, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, gouty eczema, or some other uric acid trouble, even if he has no such ailment himself. Every sufferer from such troubles wishes that he or she could get rid of a remedy of some kind that would once and for all drive the trouble out of the system, so that there need be no further fear of subsequent attacks. Unfortunately no such cure as this exists, but there is a method by which future attacks may be thoroughly and effectually prevented.

HOW URIC ACID TROUBLES ARE CAUSED.

In the process of all manufactures waste products are produced, and in the daily work of the body various waste products result, and need to be removed from the system. One form of effete matter produced in the body is known as uric acid, and if it be not removed it accumulates, and is changed into one of the urates, which are deposited in the joints, muscles, or nerves, and constitutional disturbance and in many cases acute pain is thus caused. In these few words we have explained the origin of uric acid troubles, and we have suggested the nature of the remedial treatment required.

HOW URIC ACID MAY BE REMOVED.

In youth a great deal of active exercise is taken, and the effect of this is to eliminate uric acid as fast as it is formed. In later life, however, there is frequently a considerable reluctance to take vigorous exercise, and as, in many cases, more food and drink is taken than is actually required, uric acid is retained, and hence follows gout, rheumatism, gravel, gouty eczema, sciatica, or lumbago. Evidently the way to cure such troubles is to dissolve the uric acid and remove it from the system. This is effected by the use of Bishop's Varalletoles, which exert a chemical action upon uric acid, and dissolve it, so that it passes away harmlessly and painlessly through the natural channel. Where accumulations of the urates have formed Bishop's varalletoles soften these and gradually break them up, and when these are once removed, occasional resort to Bishop's Varalletoles will enable you to avoid future attacks. No argument, therefore, is needed to prove that Bishop's Varalletoles are the right remedy in all forms of uric acid trouble, because they deal with the actual cause. The use of Bishop's Varalletoles is not lowering to the system, and you do not tire of them even if you have to continue their use for weeks or even months.

READ THIS PARAGRAPH CAREFULLY.

If, when the first feelings of irritation between the fingers, in the palms, or about the ankles are experienced, small concretions are felt in the outer rim of the ear, or little lumps are found under the skin on arms, breast, or legs, Bishop's Varalletoles are taken, future trouble will be averted. If you take Bishop's Varalletoles when you first begin to suffer from acidity, heartburn, or flatulence, or notice that you are passing small grains of uric acid or sediment, you will keep graver complications successfully at bay. If, the moment you find that your joints are swollen, tender, or difficult to bend, or there is a dull pain in the right side of the body or even the face, you take a supply of a supply of Bishop's Varalletoles, and take them, you will prevent attacks in later life. You cannot have a more convenient, economical, or portable remedy and preventive than Bishop's Varalletoles. Why not use them if you recognise such symptoms as those we have described as your own?

"PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE."

Trite as this proverb is, its practical bearing on life is often ignored, but nothing is more certain than the fact that there would not be a fraction of the illness or suffering in the world if people would but attend to the first signs of ill-health. A few days' treatment in the early stages would do more than months of treatment and oceans of medicine at a later stage. In regard to uric acid troubles, there is in the early stages little difficulty in gaining relief by means of Bishop's Varalletoles, and by their aid you may go on from now to the end of your life without ever having an attack of either gout, rheumatism, gravel, sciatica, lumbago, gouty eczema, or gouty indigestion.

BISHOP'S VARALLETOLES

are not a patent medicine; they are perfectly free from sugar, and absolutely free from any possible danger. You simply add one of them to your drinks three times a day, preferably with meals, when the Varalletoles will soon effectually convert your beverage into the most successful remedy known for all uric acid troubles. Their truly extraordinary remedial and preventive powers are due to the fact that they keep uric acid in perfect solution during its passage through the body, and thus prevent attacks of ailments due to excess of uric acid in the system. There are countless men and women everywhere who would never dream of being without a supply of Bishop's Varalletoles, because they have proved that their use protects them from attacks of uric acid troubles.

BISHOP'S VARALLETOLES (REGD.)

are supplied by all Chemists in vials at 1s., 2s., or 25 days' treatment for 5s. If preferred you can send to Alfred Bishop (Limited), Spelman-street, End New Town, London, who will send a supply for 1s., 2s., 1d., or 5s., 2d., post free, within the U.K. With every vial is enclosed a leaflet giving facts as to diet, etc., in uric acid troubles.

IF YOU REQUIRE FURTHER INFORMATION, Messrs. Alfred Bishop will be pleased to supply same to any of our readers applying to them.

IS THERE A SPIRIT WORLD?

Sceptical Readers Challenge Believers in the Supernatural.

We print below some more of the supernatural experiences which are confided to us in great numbers every day:—

A CHILD'S EXPERIENCE.

First I must tell you we have taken in the *Daily Mirror* now for over a year, and I think I would prefer to go without my breakfast than to go without it. There is quite a rush who shall look at it first.

When I was nine years old I was staying with an aunt. One night, I should think about nine o'clock, I was awakened by hearing my father call me by my name quite plainly, and I answered back. Then, remembering my father was miles away, I went off to sleep again.

The next morning my aunt called me in and told me she had had a telegram to say my father died the night before at nine o'clock.

I wonder if any of your readers have seen people while living, as well as dead, and would it be possible to will ourselves to any particular place while alive.

LETTICE ADINE RATCLIFF.

Islington-road, Brighton.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY.

Replying to Mr. Turner, I must say that I fail to see any connection between spiritualism and the cause of the effects which we term natural phenomena.

The methods of spiritualists also are unscientific and essentially empirical. I take it that two conditions are necessary to spiritualism—(1) that

man's soul is immortal and (2) that after the death of the body the soul is willing to communicate with living beings. Are these not rather sweeping assumptions to base any science upon?

If our souls are eternal, then they must have existed through infinite past time, but during this infinite past time they had no cognisance of their present owners. Does not analogy suggest that they will display the same indifference during infinite future time?

Do not the soul and body develop simultaneously, and do not derangements of the body have effects upon the soul? Think you, then, that the largest derangement of all—namely, the complete dissolution of the body—will not only not annihilate the soul, but will be instrumental in reviving it from the lethargy into which it had fallen just before death?

Even, however, supposing the immortality of the soul to be proved, does it not touch a note of sadness to think of the millions of brilliant intellects whose hard-thought-out theories have been quite wrong, and who could have been put right by a few words from a "spirit"?

W. E. GIBSON.

67, Grotto-road, Twickenham.

ALL MOONSHINE!

I have followed with great interest the discussion re the Spirit World. The principal reason for believing in spirits is religion, which teaches people to believe in many absolute impossible and unintelligible matters, of which the greater part are proved by science as untrue. Also the persuasion and promises of the clergy raise the imagination to a dangerous state.

Never will a man of education and science (who believes in an absolute natural religion) see a ghost or anything like that—in trousers. To see a ghost

in a long white or black robe is a very simply-explained hallucination, such as I experienced myself last week.

I awoke in the middle of the night, seeing what I thought was a woman in a long white robe standing near my bed. Not being of a nervous disposition, I sprang out of bed and caught—nothing—because I was at once aware that the reflection of the moonlight from a side window shining through the curtains and struck by a ray of light from the front window made my ghost.

It was so deceptive that I think ninety-nine out of 100 spiritualists would have sworn that it was something from another world.

BERNHARD SALBATH.

Buchholtz Turbine Syndicate, Harlesden, N.W.

A HOSPITAL NURSE'S VIEW.

I read every day letters from people who imagine there is a spirit world. Yet when I read my Bible, it tells me that having once departed this life, our spirits are not allowed to return again.

It seems to me that Christian England will soon be as superstitious a nation as the Chinese.

No doubt some of these believers in the spirit world are out of sorts. A disordered liver works wonders with the imagination. So do overwork and sleeplessness. A suitable nerve tonic would soon disperse these spirits.

A NURSE.

Muswell Hill.

TWO QUERIES.

Will any spiritualist answer the following:—

How is it possible for the spirits of departed ones to appear garbed in the everyday dress of their "in the flesh" period?

Do animals appear as ghosts? W. G. TURNER.

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THE CULT OF COMELINESS.

MRS. TEMPLER'S RECIPES FOR CONCOCTIONS SWEETLY-SCENTED.

"Talking about perfumes naturally reminds one of sachets," said Belinda. "Will you give me a prescription for a sachet that I could put among my linen?"

"One of the best I know is heliotrope sachet," replied Mrs. Templer. "For a large quantity take 2lbs. of powdered orris, 1lb. of ground rose leaves, 2lb. of ground tonquin beans, 2lb. of vanilla beans, 2oz. of grain musk, and five drops of otto of almonds. Sift all these ingredients in a coarse sieve, and the result is ready for the sachet."

"I want all my lingerie to be scented with lavender," said Julia. "There is something so healthy and clean about the fragrance of this humble little bloom."

"All that is required for a good lavender sachet is 1lb. of ground lavender, 2lb. of gum benzoin in powder, and 2oz. of otto of lavender. Lay this sachet in the linen chest, and the sheets will smell so deliciously that you will be bound to sleep peacefully and enjoy pleasant dreams."

Belinda had been examining a Worcester bowl filled with pot-pourri.

Fragrant Pot-pourri.

"Your pot pourri always smells so deliciously," she said, inhaling the fragrance again. "Would you mind giving us the secret of its manufacture?"

"There is no secret," said Mrs. Templer. "Nearly everyone has a different method of preparing pot-pourri, and naturally every woman considers hers is better than her neighbour's. Mine is easily made, and you are quite welcome to the knowledge of its manufacture. Take 1lb. of dried lavender, 1lb. of whole rose leaves, 2lb. of crushed orris, 2ozs. each of broken cloves, cinnamon and allspice, and sprinkle over it 1lb. of table salt."

"Many thanks," said Belinda. "And I want to ask you what is the best concoction with which to fill this vinaigrette mother sent me last week. She says it has been in the family for over sixty years, and wishes me to use it for the sake of the associations and sentiment."

Belinda handed a pretty and quaint silver vinaigrette to Mrs. Templer, who examined it with interest.

Origin of Vinaigrettes.

"I see this was intended to hang on a watch-chain or chateleine," Mrs. Templer said, "but as a rule I find now that vinaigrettes are relegated to the silver table. I suppose you know that the use of these vinaigrettes sprang from the idea that the vinegars used on the sponge inside the case kept one free from infectious disease and any form of plague?"

"Well, if it will preserve me from any infectious disease when I go district visiting," said Belinda. "I shall only be too glad to carry my vinaigrette about."

"One of the pleasantest vinegars is composed of one pint of eau de Cologne to half an ounce of strong acetic acid," said Mrs. Templer. "This is very refreshing to inhale when visiting a sick-room, and I have known it ward off attacks of fainting."

"Could that be used for toilet vinegar?" asked Julia. "I must say I find toilet vinegar very refreshing to use during the hot weather."

"No, it would be too strong," replied Mrs. Templer. "A good toilet vinegar is composed of four ounces of dried rose leaves, half a pint of esprit de rose triple, and two pints of white wine

vinegar. Macerate it in a close vessel for fourteen days, then filter it, and put it into a bottle."

"Is toilet vinegar good for the skin?" asked Belinda. "Provided it is well diluted with water and used only occasionally, it will be found very beneficial to those troubled with an oily skin. Some women declare that the use of toilet vinegar in the water

"One of my friends, who has a remarkably luxuriant growth of chestnut hair, attributes her plentiful locks to the use of acetic acid," was Mrs. Templer's reply. "Two or three times a week she sponges the root with a flannel dipped in a gill of hot water in which has been mixed about a tablespoonful and a half of acetic acid. She frictions the scalp with her fingers for about five

Temple. "Her hair is naturally oily, so it probably requires a stimulant like acetic acid; but I should not recommend this for those who possess very dry hair, which necessitates an oily unguent to restore its glossiness."

(To be continued.)

This beautiful coat is made of dove coloured drap suede with embroideries in several shades of blue and rose silk upon it. It is worn with a gown to match, and a lace blouse trimmed with little bows of blue velvet. The hat is the new cocher model, trimmed with a lace veil and a feather.



keeps the neck, arms, and hands white, but I cannot advocate its continual use, as, unless it is employed with some emollient cream, a powerful acid such as this has a tendency to wither the skin and make it turn yellow."

"Aren't these vinegars good for the hair?" inquired Belinda.

minutes, then brushes the hair so that the whole is moistened with the acetic acid."

"And does this help to keep the colour of the hair?" inquired Belinda.

"My friend has some of the loveliest shades of auburn and chestnut in her hair, and vows she has never used anything else but this," said Mrs.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

Since he was going to marry her, it was a blessing that she was not a woman whose every word and action would jar horribly on his nerves. She would never wear too much jewellery or exhibit strange ideas about the art of eating, or boast of her father's wealth. She would probably never make a single faux pas. She had the manner of a queen and an air that was above all rank and all breeding. But there was something about her that he did not like. It was hostile; it was mysterious. He saw it in her eyes, that were of a very strange colour—a rich brown shot with streaks of grey, like a certain very rare agate of which there was a table in the great gallery of the castle. He heard it in the clear, faint tones of her voice. He could not define it. More than anything else, perhaps, it was a supernatural indifference to everything, to anything, to himself, to the whole world.

"I presume, Mr. Dangerville," the girl went on, "that we shall make that position as easy for each other as possible."

"Most certainly, Miss Swindover," Dick answered gravely.

"I have no doubt," she went on calmly, "that we shall not get into each other's way. This house

is, I am sure, quite large enough to hold us both. You are perhaps not aware that nearly all my friends live abroad. I shall also live abroad most of the time. You will no doubt wish to live your own life. I shall not attempt to prevent you."

Her face said, rather, that she would give him every encouragement.

Suddenly Dick spoke.

"I want you to know from the first," he said

WHY NOT?

Have

Absolutely Pure Cocoa

It costs you nothing extra save remembering to say

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harshly, "that I deserve nothing but contempt. My motives are purely mercenary."

"So I suppose," she answered, totally unmoved. "But, in your case, mercenary motives are no doubt mixed up with other feelings that you do not expect Sam Swindover's daughter to understand."

It was then that the preternatural intelligence of her face struck him for the first time. There was a look of such vast and deep knowledge on it that it was almost like the omniscience of some sorcerer of old.

"I should think," he blurted out involuntarily, "that there is nothing in the world you do not understand."

"Your motives," she said coldly, "are nothing to me. Please believe that."

And again the mystery of her strange personality overcame him.

"But you," he said, with an interest that was more than half hostility, "why are you doing it? What can you be doing it for? You could marry any man on earth." Half an hour ago he would have laughed at himself for a madman if some voice had whispered to him that he would be speaking these words to Swindover's daughter. Now they seemed but the simple truth. "Why?" he cried again. "Why do you want to marry me?"

(To be continued.)

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6

pages—The London "Evening News," which is the evening edition of the "Daily Mail."

ORDER IT.

Mr. William Osocroft, the "grand old man" of Notts County cricket of long ago, whose admission to the Nottingham Hospital was found necessary, owing to his suffering from an internal complaint, has successfully undergone an operation, and it is expected that he will be able to return to his home at Arnold, near Nottingham, during the next few days, in a greatly improved state of health.

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Anything? A Small Advertisement in the "Daily Mirror" will bring you offers from all parts of the country. Try one.

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A.A.A.A.A.—25s. Boots for 6s. 4d.—For crossed postal order value 6s. 4d., we forward carriage paid one pair Ladies' or Gent's, extra high-class bronzes, London West End boots every pair warranted—very latest style, easy fitting, sewn, elegant, and durable. Silver, leather, boots or shoes, button, lace or Derby lace, pointed, medium, or square toes. Money refunded instantly if not approved. Remit 6s. 4d. straight away; you will be refunded at wondrous workmanship. Beautiful double foot-wear by appointment to London West End trade and aristocracy for many years. Established 1893. Every purchaser means life customer. Postal orders must be crossed, and do not forget also illustrated catalogue free. The Times Boot Co., 25, Camberwell Rd., London.

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